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PENSHURST

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INSCRIBED to

WILLIAM PERRY, Esq;

A N D

The Honble. Mrs. ELIZABETH PERRY.

L O N D O N .

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PEANUTS

INSCRIBED to

MILTON PERRY Ed:

AND

The Honorable Miss Millicent Perry.

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Gifted to R. Dossena
by his son in Paris - 1850

PENSHURST.

GENIUS of Penhurst old!

Who saw'st the birth of each immortal oak,
Here sacred from the stroke ;
And all thy tenants of yon turrets bold,
Inspir'st to arts or arms ;
Where * Sidney his Arcadian landscape drew,

Genuine from thy Doric View ;

* Sir Philip Sidney.

And patriot * Algernon unshaken rose

Above insulting foes ;

And Saccariffa nurs'd her angel charms :

O suffer me with sober tread

To enter on thy holy shade ;

Bid smoothly-sliding Medway stand,

And wave his sedgy tresses bland,

A stranger let him kindly greet,

And pour his urn beneath my feet.

And see where Perry opes his door,

To land me on the social floor;

Nor does the heiress of these shades deny

To bend her bright majestic eye,

Where beauty shines, and friendship warm

And honor in a female form.

With them in aged groves to walk,

And lose my thoughts in artless talk,

And

I shun the voice of Party loud,
I shun loose Pleasure's idle crowd,
And monkish Academic cell,
Where science only feigns to dwell,
And court, where speckled vanity
Apes her tricks in tawdry dye,
And shifts each hour her tinsel hue,
Still furbelow'd in follies new.
Here nature no distortion wears,
Old Truth retains his silver hairs,
And Chastity her matron step,
And purple health his rosy lip.
Ah! on the virgin's gentle brow
How innocence delights to glow?
Unlike the town-dame's haughty air,
The scornful eye and harlot's stare;

But bending mild the bashful front

As modest fear is ever wont :

Shepherdesses such of old

Doric bards enamour'd told,

While the pleas'd Arcadian vale

Echo'd the enchanting tale.

But chief of virtue's lovely train,

A pensive exile on the plain,

No longer active now to wield

Th' avenging sword, protecting shield,

Here thoughtful-walking Liberty

Remembers Britons once were free.

With her would Nobles old converse,

And learn her dictates to rehearse,

Ere yet they grew refin'd to hate.

The hospitable rural seat,

And

The

The spacious hall with tenants stor'd ;
 Where mirth and plenty crown'd the board ;
 Ere yet their *Lares* they forsook,
 And lost the genuine British look,
 The conscious brow of inward merit,
 The rough, unbending, martial spirit,
 To clink the chain of thraldom gay,
 And court-idolatry to pay ;
 To live in city smoaks obscure,
 Where morn ne'er wakes her breezes pure,
 Where darkest midnight reigns at noon,
 And fogs eternal blot the sun.
 But come, the minutes flit away,
 And eager fancy longs to stray ;
 Come, friendly Genius ! lead me round
 Thy Sylvan haunts and magic ground ;

Point ev'ry spot of hill or dale,
 And tell me, as we tread the vale,
 "Here mighty Duddy once wou'd rove,
 "To plan his triumphs in the grove;
 There looser Waller, ever gay,
 With Sacchariss in dalliance lay;
 And Philip, side-long yonder spring,
 His lavish carols wont to sing.
 Hark! I hear the echoes call,
 Hark! the rushing waters fall,
 Lead me to the green retreats,
 Guide me to the Muses seats,
 Where ancient bards retirement chose,
 Or ancient Lovers wept their woes.

What Genius points to yonder * oak?
 What rapture does my soul provoke?
 There let me hang a garland high,
 There let my muse her accents try ;
 Be there my earliest homage paid,
 Be there my latest vigils made ;
 For thou wast planted in the earth
 The day that shone on Sidney's birth.
 That happy time, that glorious day
 The Muses came in concert gay,
 With harps in tune, and ready song,
 The jolly Chorus tript along ;

* An oak in Penshurst park, planted the day Sir Philip Sidney was born, of which Ben. Johnson speaks in the following manner.

That taller tree, which of a Nut was set,
 At his great birth, where all the Muses met.

In honour of th' auspicious morn,
 To hail an infant genius born :
 Next came the Fauns in order meet,
 The Satyrs next with cloven feet,
 The Dryads swift that roam the woods,
 The Naiads green that swim the floods ;
 Sylvanus left his silent cave,
 Medway came dropping from the wave ;
 Vertumnus led his blushing spouse,
 And Ceres shook her wheaten brows,
 And Mars with milder look was there,
 And laughing Venus grac'd the rear.
 They join'd their hands in festive dance,
 And bade the smiling babe advance :
 Each gave a gift ; Sylvanus last
 Ordain'd, when all the pomp was past,

Memorial meet, a tree to grow,
 Which might to future ages shew,
 That on select occasion rare,
 A troop of Gods assembled there :
 The Naiads water'd well the ground,
 And Flora twin'd a woodbine round :
 The tree sprung fast in hallow'd earth,
 Co-eval with th' illustrious birth.

Thus let my feet unwearied stray ;
 Nor satisfied with one survey,
 When morn returns with doubtful light,
 And Phebe pales her lamp of night,
 Still let me wander forth anew,
 And print my footsteps on the dew,
 What time the swain with ruddy cheek
 Prepares to yoke his oxen meek,

And early drest in neat array

The milk-maid chanting shrill her lay,

Comes abroad with morning pail;

And the sound of distant flail

Gives the ear a rough good-morrow,

And the lark from out his furrow

Soars upright on matin wings,

And at the gate of heaven sings.

But when the sun with fervid ray

Drives upwards to his noon of day,

And couching oxen lay them down

Beneath the beachen umbrage brown;

Then let me wander in the hall,

Round whose antique-visag'd wall

Hangs

(13)
Hangs the armour Britons wore,

Rudely cast in days of yore.

Yon-sword some hero's arm might wield,

Red in the ranks of *Chalgrave* field,

Where ever-glorious Hampden bled,

And Freedom tears of sorrow shed :

Or in the gallery let me walk,

Where living pictures seem to talk,

Where beauty smiles serenely fair,

And courage frowns with martial air ;

Tho' whiskers quaint the face disguise,

And habits odd to modern eyes.

Behold what kings in Britain reign'd,

Plantagenets with blood distain'd,

And valiant Tudor's haughty race,

And Stuarts, England's worst disgrace.

The Norman first, with cruel frown,
 Proud of his new-usurped crown,
 Begins the list ; and many more,
 Stern Heroes form'd of roughest ore.
 See victor Henry there advance,
 Ev'n in his look he conquers France ;
 And murtherer Richard, justly slain
 By Richmond's steel on Bosworth plain ;
 See the tyrant of his wives,
 Prodigal of fairest lives,
 And laureat Edward nurs'd in arts,
 Minerva school'd his kingly parts :
 But ah ! the melancholy Jane,
 A soul too tender for a queen !
 She sinks beneath imperial sway,
 The dear-bought scepter of a day !

And

And must she mount the scaffold drear?
 Hard-hearted Mary learn to spare!
 Eliza next salutes the eye;
 Exalt the song to liberty,
 The Muse repeats the sacred name,
 Eliza fills the voice of fame.
 From thence a baser age began,
 The royal ore polluted ran,
 Till foreign Nassau's valiant hand
 Chac'd holy Tyrants from the land:
 Downward from hence descend apace
 To Brunswick's high, illustrious race;
 And see the canvas speaks them brave,
 An injur'd nation born to save,
 Active in freedom's righteous cause,
 And conscious of a just applause.

But chiefly pleas'd, the curious eye,
 With nice discernment loves to try
 The labour'd wonders, passing thought,
 Which warm Italian pencils wrought ;
 Fables of love, and stories old,
 By Greek or Latian poets told ;
 How Jove committed many a rape,
 How young Acteon lost his shape,
 Or what celestial Pen-men writ,
 Or what the painter's genuine wit
 From fancy's store-house could devise ;
 Where Raphael claims the highest prize,
 Madonas here decline the head,
 With fond maternal pleasure fed,
 Or lift their lucid eyes above,
 Where more is seen than holy love.

There

There temples stand display'd within,
 And pillars in long order seen,
 And roofs rush forward to the sight,
 And lamps affect a living light,
 Or landscapes tire the trav'ling eye,
 The clouds in azure volumes fly,
 The distant trees distinguish'd rise,
 And hills look little in the skies.

When day declines, and ev'ning cool
 Begins her gentle, silent rule,
 Again, as fancy points the way,
 Benignant leader, let me stray:
 And wilt thou, Genius, bring along
 (So shall my Muse exalt her song)
 The Lord who rules this ample scene,
 His comfort too with gracious mien,

Her little offspring prattling round,
 While Echo lisps their infant sound.
 And let good-nature, born to please,
 Wait on our steps, and graceful ease;
 Nor mirth be wanting as we walk,
 Nor wit to season sober talk ;
 Let gay description too attend,
 And fable told with moral end,
 And satire quick that comes by stealth,
 And flowing laughter, friend to health.
 Meanwhile attention loves to mark
The deer that crop the shaven park,
 The steep-brow'd hill, or forest wild,
 The sloping lawns, and zephyrs mild,
 The clouds that blush with ev'ning red,
 Or meads with silver fountains fed,

The

The fragrance of the new-mown hay,
 And black-bird chanting on the spray ;
 The calm farewell of parting light,
 And ev'ning sad'ning into night.

Nor wearied yet my roving feet,
 Tho' night comes on amain, retreat ;
 But still abroad I walk unseen
 Along the star-enlighten'd green ;
 Superior joys my soul invite,
 Lift, lift to heav'n the dazzled sight ;
 Lo, where the moon enthron'd on high,
 Sits steady empress of the sky,
 Enticing nations to revere,
 And proudly vain of Pagan fear ;
 Or where thro' clouds she travels fast,
 And seems on journey bent in haste,

While thousand hand-maid stars await,
Attendant on their queen of state.

'Tis now that in her high controul,

Ambitious of a foreign rule,

She stirs the ocean to rebel;

And factious waters fond to swell

Guides to battle in her carr,

'Gainst her sister earth to war.

Thus let me muse on things sublime,

Above the flight of modern rhyme,

And call the soul of Newton down,

Where it sits high on starry throne,

Inventing laws for worlds to come,

Or teaching comets how to roam:

With him I'd learn of every star,

But four-ey'd pedantry be far,

And

And ignorance in garb of sense,
With terms of art to make pretence.

Hail happy soil! illustrious earth!
Which gav'st so many heroes birth;
Where never wand'ring poet trod,
But felt within th' inspiring God!

In these transporting, solemn shades
First I salute th' Aonian maids.

Ah lead me, Genius, to thy haunts,
Where Philomel at ev'ning chants,
And as my oaten pipe resounds,
Give musick to the forming sounds.

A simple shepherd, yet unknown,
Aspires to snatch an ivy crown,

On daring pinions bold to soar,
 Tho' here thy Waller sung before,
 And Johnson dipt his learned pen,
 And Sidney pour'd his fancy-flowing strain.

11:7:49

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